

A FRENCHMAN'S TRICK.

How he designs a Golden Harvest in New York City.

"Pardieu, monsieur, monsieur, s'il vous plait!" asked a figure that stepped out from the shadow of a tree, into the middle of one of the walks in Madison square the other evening. The reporter said he did, a very little, and then looked inquiringly at his questioner.

The latter touched his battered cap in true military style, and then thanked all the saints in the calendar that he had found some one in this foreign country who could understand him. He was, however, a veteran of Magenta and Solferino, of Sedan and Metz. As he said this he straightened his lean figure, twisted the long mustache under his squint nose, and drew the stiffly-waxed imperial through his fingers.

"But now," said he striking his breast, over which the shadowy freckles were buttoned tightly up under the chin, "now, I am starving—without a soul! Would monsieur be merciful enough to help an unfortunate one who has been vainly looking for work ever since he came over from Paris, five weeks ago?"

The reporter gave him a quarter. The ex-soldier of Solferino saluted and marched down the path away from the electric light.

Ten minutes later the reporter was crossing the square again. As he stopped in the shadow of a tree to light a cigar he saw the figure of the veteran come up a narrow path and stop in front of a lady and gentleman who were approaching. The same question which had been asked before was now asked, this time with a bow in honor of the lady. The gentleman evidently answered in the affirmative, for the veteran launched forth in an impassioned appeal in French for a little money to keep him from starving. The gentleman put his hand into his pocket, then into the veteran's hand, and then passed on with his companion.

Hardly had they turned the corner of the path when a young man in a bob-tailed overcoat and very high collar with the ends turned over, loomed up. The veteran and him as he had the others. The young man in answer to the question, "Pardieu, monsieur, monsieur," stammered out an incoherent answer, whereupon the veteran said in English that he was "very hungry," and then began to recite in French his pitiable condition. The young man listened as if he understood it all, and then giving him a half-dollar walked on with a self-satisfied smile on his smooth face.

"See here," said the reporter stepping out from the shadow, "if you'll tell me how long you have been playing this game, and how you do it, I'll give you half a dollar."

The veteran scowled, but as the half-dollar glittered in his questioner's hand he hesitated a moment and then laughed.

"Of course you aren't a Frenchman?" said the reporter.

"Oh, yes, surely, monsieur," said the beggar, earnestly; "but I am not exactly a veteran. I was a regimental cook once, but I have lived in America for five years. Business was dull last summer, and I betook myself last to make money. At last I had a little idea. Said I to myself, everybody admires being thought to speak French, and if I can make myself a flatterer to their vanity they will pay for it. So I came out one night and said, 'Pardieu, monsieur, monsieur, s'il vous plait!' It is certainly not every gentleman I meet who will stop, but the great number do. If they are with ladies they are more sure to stop a minute and let me tell them my story, for in that way they make an impression on the fair one with them. Many a one does not understand the language, and so he hesitates. Then I say in English that I am hungry, and they listen and begin to sympathize. They almost all give me money, but the most liberal are the philanthropists, or dukes, as you call them, like the one with the cane and the overcoat that just went past. But, really, it is a fair exchange. They think they impose on me by pretending to understand me, and I make them pay for thinking so. Merci, monsieur, bon nuit." And with another salute he pocketed the silver and marched down the path toward Broadway, where among the hundreds of theatregoers he resumed the carrying out of his little linguistic idea. —N. Y. Sun.

President Eliot's Curiosity.

President Eliot, of Harvard College, is a man of marked ability as an executive officer. He is weak on the scholarly side. His communication to the world that General Grant had never heard of Oliver Twist reminds me of a rattling good story on himself, the authenticity of which I can vouch for.

When Bonamy Price, professor of political economy at Oxford, was being entertained in Cambridge, Price and Eliot were thrown together at dinner. Bonamy, who was an intolerable bore, and on his old hobby, "The Basis of Civilization, What Was It?" loudly declared that the only one who had successfully answered the question was a young girl of Cambridge, Eng. So that I may arouse no unnecessary curiosity, let me say at once the answer to Professor Price's conundrum was simply this: "Progressive Desires." But valuable or not, Price did not choose to divulge the underdog answer on the occasion in question. He merely pointed it as something every one should know. The Boston men laughed merrily, as it is to say, "Oh, yes, we know it," and the subject of conversation suddenly changed.

The next day President Eliot sought out Price, and, after a little conversation, began in an embarrassed way to broach something.

"Professor Price, I was much interested in the turn the conversation took last evening."

No answer from Price except a slight raising of the eyebrows.

"You spoke, I believe, of a young lady, who, who—"

A downward look from Price.

"Who successfully answered the question, 'What was the true basis of civilization?'"

"I forgot to ask you about it at the time," continued Eliot in the agony of his literary crisis. "But I have seen, haunted by the idea all I have, would you mind telling me what is the true basis of civilization?"

"No, sir," answered Bonamy promptly, "find it out for yourself!" —San Francisco Inquirer.

In receiving visitors the president has peculiar habits in the management of his arm and hands. When he is pleased or contented to listen he holds his hands about six inches apart, with the back part of his hand against his coat. The fingers generally are quiet, but if they begin to move or contract he is growing tired. Then he will shift from one foot to the other. If the man bores him the arms gradually come forward. The move is gradual, but if the infection continues the hands fall to the sides, thumbs in. If still the visitor persists in staying, the arms go out and the thumbs beat against his side. Then it is time to go.

He Got His Case.

A good story is told of a celebrated lawyer of Massachusetts. He had a client who had patented a process for preserving meats, and another party living outside the state had commenced suit for infringement. All the courts had decided against the lawyer, except the supreme court of the United States, and before the case reached that court the lawyer was searching to find somebody who had used the process before, and after much time and money had been spent in traveling around the country they found a man in Philadelphia who, it was said, had a process of similar nature. The attorney was not long in reaching the city, and finding that the man proved to be an undertaker and a German. The interview took place just after the German had had his dinner. He was asked if he preserved the bodies in his business, and making a favorable reply, was asked what he used and how he applied it. The sexton slowly described the articles from which the preserving material was made and carefully explained its application. The lawyer was delighted, but did not dare to show it, for he knew he had found the very thing for which he had been searching for years. He asked of the undertaker the privilege of witnessing the operation, but was told that strangers never came there.

The lawyer determined to see the thing through, if he possibly could. The undertaker said that he did not want anybody loitering around at such a time. He gave the undertaker an opportunity to offer his services as a "helper," whereupon the man of bodies said if he wanted to "help around," when he was doing the job, he could come. This was a most satisfactory arrangement, with the undertaker sending word to his hotel when he had a subject. Back to the hotel the man of late went, and quickly got together some old clothing for the expected one who would be called at any moment. Early the next morning the message came, and the searcher after knowledge repaired to the place of the deed. The body was placed in position, and the attorney, acting the part of the "boy," brought water and sponges, and with his own hands did the chemical work as directed by the undertaker, and applied them to the body. The body was very hot and he watched the body until it was ready to be dropped into the coffin. The undertaker and he were alone in the room, and he gave him a chance to hire another boy.

When the case was called in the supreme court, it was but a short time after his experience at the undertaker's in Philadelphia, and when he argued his case he showed a wonderful familiarity with the subject, and as it was shown conclusively that the process had been in use years before the plaintiff had secured his patent the lawyer got his case. It was some years before the facts came out, and it is a question if the other side in the case has found out how its opponent got posted on preserving bodies. —Boston Herald.

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"I have been unfortunate in love matters," said a well-known bass singer at the opera the other night. "My first sweetheart entered a convent, the second robbed me of it, and the third is my wife." —Paris Figure.

Tailor—Married or unmarried? Customer—Married. Tailor (to customer)—One pocket concealed in line of coat. Customer—Eh? What? Tailor (explaining)—To hide your change, you know, at night. I married myself. —Chicago Herald.

Do Guy: "Ah! Toggie, old boy, how do you? What are you doing now?" Toggie: "I'm living on my father just at present."

"You are?" "I thought your father died long ago?" "So he did, but I have a new one—Government pay." —Philadelphia Call.

Elijah—"Say, Zeke, I hear you're brother married a rich hearse; am dat so?" Zeke—"Yeh, she's worth about a million." Elijah (surprised)—"So much as dat?" Zeke—"It's 'till a million or 'till a hundred, I dunno which, but I know it's 'till a million."

"Do you allow drunken people on the train?" asked an old gentleman at the city hall elevated station. "Sometimes—but not when they are too drunk," replied the brakeman. "Just take a seat near the middle of the car and keep quiet, and you'll be all right." —N. Y. Sun.

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A Philadelphia man who had been jilted by a widow practiced shooting at a photograph until he got accustomed to facing her, and then fired at her through a window, but without success. Despite his practice, he had shook him when the live widow got her eye on him. No man with weak nerves should go gunning for widows. —Macau (Ga.) Telegraph.

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"Shed doze clothes?" Mein Himmel, (Contentably) "Yeh, mein friend, I tell you, I sell doze clothes so cheap that it don't buy to steal them." —Somerville Journal.

An old farmer was in town Saturday and decided to call on an older steward for dinner, as he had heard his neighbors talk so much about them. He called at Nix's restaurant and ordered his dish. He had told Nix it was his first stew, and before he had finished eating he asked how he liked it. The farmer replied that he liked the soup very well, but wished he had left the pollywogs out.

"There is a man on our street afflicted with a bad case of the foot-and-mouth disease," remarked Ebenezer Jones to a young physician of his acquaintance. "I have never heard of a human being taking that disease." "But he has it, undoubtedly." "What are the symptoms?" "Why, he thinks he is a choleraic, a poliostran, and he is always talking about it." —Pittsburgh Chronicle.

A good old deacon in Central Illinois who lost all his big drove of swine by hog-cholera took the matter so lightly that his wife called upon him to ransom him. "Deacon," said she, "I should think you would be ashamed of yourself. It looks to me as though it was a joyful event to you, the Lord." "My dear," said the good old man, "if the Lord wants to take out His judgment in three-cent pork, into which I would have to be pouring good 30-cent corn if I were let out of my pen." —Troy Times.

A Troy clergyman tells a story told to him by a brother pastor of another city. The latter had in his flock a man who before conversion had been very profane in language. He had become a member, however, and on one occasion was offering a supplication in the prayer-meeting for a destitute family. "Dear Lord," he said, "send them a barrel of flour. O Lord, send them a barrel of potatoes. O Lord, send them a barrel of [here there was a painful pause for a word] pepper. Thunder, thunder to the place of the dead. The body was placed in position, and the attorney, acting the part of the "boy," brought water and sponges, and with his own hands did the chemical work as directed by the undertaker, and applied them to the body. The body was very hot and he watched the body until it was ready to be dropped into the coffin. The undertaker and he were alone in the room, and he gave him a chance to hire another boy.

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The Paris News says Lord Cairns' engagement with Miss Grant was broken off because my lord insisted that the Grants should settle an annuity of £2,000 a year on their daughter. It also states he threatened to send in a bill for the jewelry he had given her, whereupon she packed it up and bundled it back to him.

The virtues of St. Jacobs Oil, as proclaimed by millions of restored sufferers, should induce everyone to supply his household with this great specific. It conquers pain.

Mr. Matthews, the colored man whom the president nominated for recorder of the District of Columbia, attributes his rejection by the senate partly to the fact that there are a half-dozen relatives and friends of Fred Douglass in the recorder's office whom he would not pledge himself to retain.

A month ago Milton Troutman, of Sharon, Pa., had his right hand amputated at the wrist. A few days ago he complained that the hand had been buried in a cramped position, and hurt him. It was dug up and found to be exactly as Mr. Troutman described. It is said that he didn't know how or where it was buried.

Two things are necessary to great action in man—the seemingly contradictory elements of passion and patience. passion the stream which contains the element of power; patience, the dam which checks the descending flood, lifts it to its fullest head, and directs its force to the proper point, and thus embodies the principle of control.

"It is as harmless as it is effective," is what is said of Red Star Cough Cure by Dr. S. K. Cox, D. C., Analytical Chemist, Washington, D. C. Price, twenty-five cents.

There are thirty-two separate taxes on wheat in Mexico from the time it leaves the field until it reaches the miller.

Since 1850 the population of the Sandwich Islands has decreased one-half. It is now only about 40,000.

A deposit of blood agate lately discovered in Utah covers three miles square.

Consumption Cured. An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION. State of Missouri, County of Chariton, ss. In Circuit Court of Chariton county, April Term, 1886, April 12, 1886.

Pertha Mason, by William Zillmann, her next friend, plaintiff, vs. Alfred C. Mason, defendant. At this day came the plaintiff herein, her attorney, and it appearing to the satisfaction of the court that the defendant herein cannot be summoned by the ordinary process of this court, whereupon it is ordered by the court that said defendant be notified by publication that plaintiff has commenced a suit against him in this court, the object and general nature of which is to obtain a decree in this court divorcing her from the defendant herein, and that unless the said Alfred C. Mason be and appear at this court, at the next term thereof, to be held at the court house in the city of Keytesville, in said county, on the 18th day of October next, and on or before the 6th day of said term, if the term shall not be continued, and if not, then on or before the last day of said term—answer or plead to the petition in said cause, the same will be taken as confessed, and judgment will be rendered accordingly. And it is further ordered, that a copy hereof be published, according to law, in the CHARITON COURIER, a weekly newspaper published in Chariton county, Missouri.

JAMES A. EGAN, Circuit Clerk. A true copy from the record. Witness my hand and the Seal of the Circuit Court of Chariton county, this 20th day of July, 1886.

JAMES A. EGAN, Circuit Clerk.

Baptist Female College, Lexington, Mo. (In care of Kansas City by Mail or Water Route) Be Issued 32nd Year Sept. 1st, 1886. Instruction thorough. Modern Art by HERRICK. To be sure that these waters for the most part pass outward around the eastern shore of a Newfoundland. The dam would be a source of great comfort to the people who inhabit the shores of the St. Lawrence Gulf, but New England and New York would still be in the cold. —New York Times.

A Fish Story. Hostetter McGinnis had just returned from fishing on Onion creek, and was telling Parson Sturges all about it. "You should not tell such awful lies about the number and weight of the fish you don't catch," remarked the parson. "It's not my fault. I am not to blame, Parson Zel."

"Who is to blame?" "The fish, of course. If they had bit me, I wouldn't have to tell you. You ought to go out on Onion creek and try your luck, parson."

"Why so, Mr. McGinnis?" "Because, I think you would make a big haul. Didn't you ever read about that miraculous draft of fishes that Peter and the other apostles had when they went fishing with a seine in Galilee bay?" You are a heavy snorer, more than Peter ever dared be. When you go I want to go along with you, and we will have a high old time, you bet." —Texas Siftings.

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